

SR

april 12, 1995

Student Review

an independent forum for student thought



Student Review
Foundation for
Student Thought
P.O. Box 7092
Provo, UT 84602

Nonprofit Organization
U.S. POSTAGE
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Provo, UT
Permit No. 48

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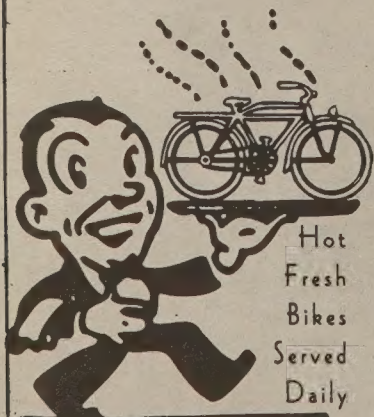


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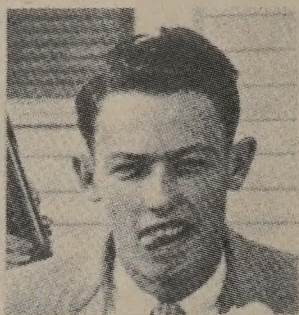
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Student Review is a independent student publication serving Utah Valley and its university communities. Because SR aspires to be an open forum, all submissions will be considered for publication.

Views expressed in Student Review are presumably those of the authors, and certainly do not necessarily reflect those of BYU, UVSC, SR, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or the cast of Cats.

ABSTRACTS FROM ANDY:

Below us something snapped, as if to itself, as if it didn't matter (the fool thing), and then there we were, tipping, leaning...ever so slowly, we started to roll...

Down. The oaks and redwoods which had so lovingly and casually embraced us, keeping us stationary at the summit, now gave way, releasing us, as if they did not know the implications. And this, our troublesome contraption, this product of scrap wood and fiberglass and idle time filled with bustling minds, began to work as we, unthinking, had intended...

Like the grenade I made in seventh grade, from an M-80 bought at "South of the Border" in South Carolina during a family road trip to Disneyworld, and a medicine bottle, and two handfuls of ball bearings.

"Take it apart," Dad said, "before somebody gets hurt." But this was no grenade...

This was pure geometry, a valiant attempt at Plato's form, a clear plastic, fiberglass and wood globe, fifteen feet in diameter, with straps to secure three young bodies inside, spread eagle, and now screaming. . .

As the trees finally gave way, there was earth and sky and Newton. And for all the infinite mass of the rest of the universe—disguised by glare as blue sky, now above, now below, now to the left as we spun—for all that infinite mass there was still the puny little earth, now beneath, now above, now below. She clutched us greedily, defiantly, and by virtue of proximity, claimed us her own, possession being nine-tenths of the law.

We screamed honest screams as we bounded, bouncing chaotically over rocks and bushes, and began to shake loose from our flimsy moorings. The heavens would have us soon enough, to be sure, if earth would not compromise a bit and allow our rolling to slow.

Head over heels over head...and soon enough our craftsmanship had escorted us to speeds sufficient to do itself in. Our handiwork lasted till the speed was so fast that, collapsing, the sphere shattered, and we flew, a frightful flight. Had it been a bit weaker, a bit flimsier, the collapse would have been at speeds slow enough to manage. But it was not weaker, and the speeds were not slower, and we could not manage, the three of us, there on that mountain side.

And all I could think of, as I died, was my nervous eye twitch, the mole on my ear, and the boy or the airplane who had spat his ice back into the flight attendant's ice tray, contaminating the rest of the ice, and we all had to have warm drinks. So, we all had our drinks warm that day.

Andrew Christensen

STAFFPERSON OF THE WEEK:

We'd like to say "way to go champ" to Matt Leafy Greens Workman for his fine work as Campus Life editor. He has created a family like atmosphere and brought together an all-star team that he keeps under his personal tutelage at any hour necessary. He branched out last week doing a fabulous peice on Steve Olpin and he has the distinction of being the only editor that gets his copy in on time every week. You're #1 Leafy. You're special and important and we just think the world of you.

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT

BY HEATHER B. HAMILTON

We've all witnessed him. We've all been victimized by him. None of us can escape him—the Remarkable Roaming Roommate. Ever notice how your story never has the same pizzazz as someone's roommate's sister's ex-fiancé's third cousin's experience? The key word here is "roommate." Everyone everywhere has a connection to some clandestine roommate who has done better, run faster, slept sounder, and belched longer. He's out there somewhere, hopping from one apartment to another, giving storytellers and bearded editors loads of invincible material.

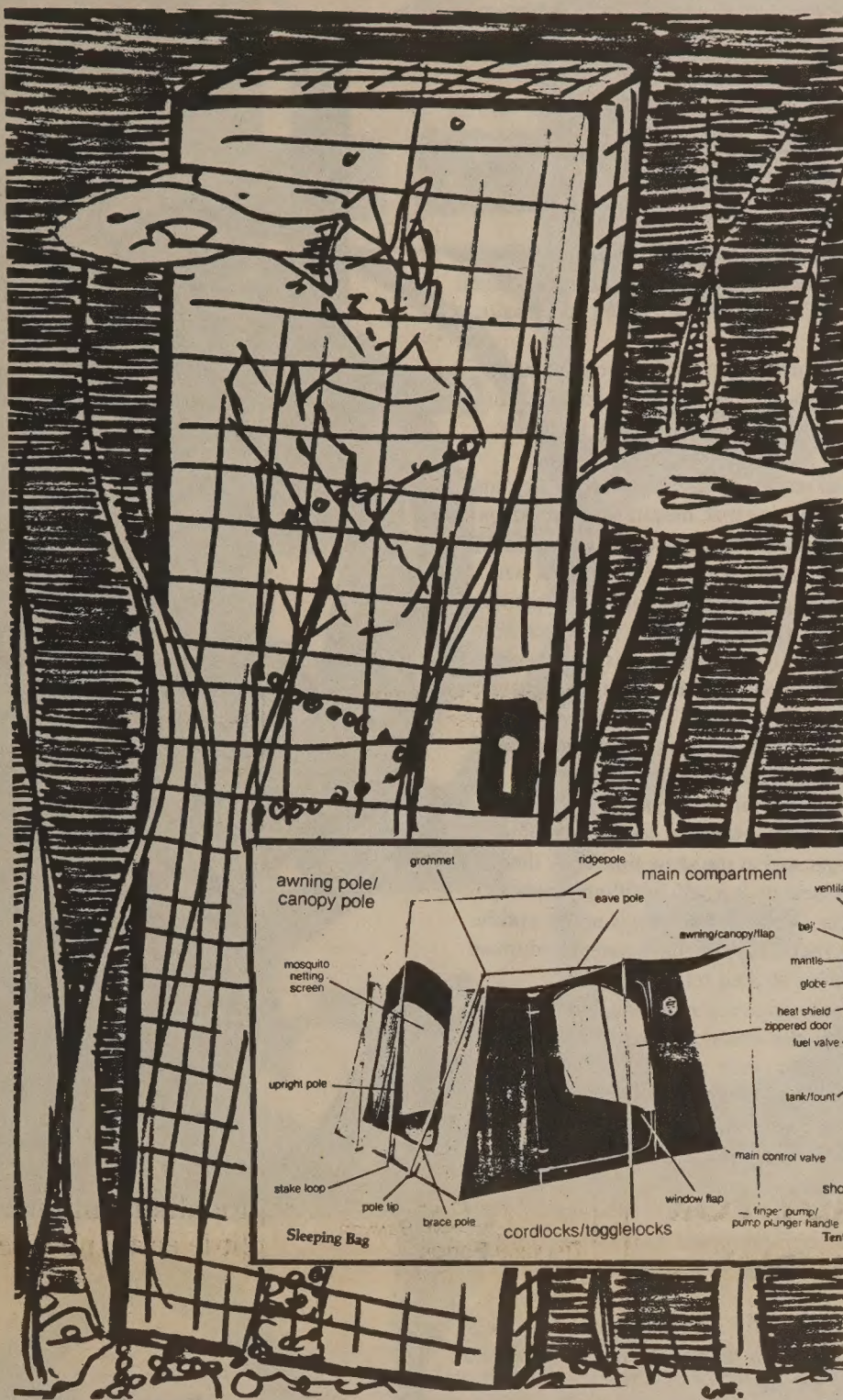
He's the one who found his eternal mate while blind folded and locked in a steel cage at the bottom of the Botany Pond. No one knows how he did it. He's also the one who took a stage dive at the Lords of Acid charity concert only to land in the welcoming arms of Jodie Foster, who offered him a stunt role in her upcoming film, *Francis, Butch, and Other Lovely Ladies*.

Roaming Roommate has served in every mission, seen every movie (which includes the recitation of *Freaky Friday* backward in its entirety), eaten the four-pounds-in-one-hour-and-get-it-free-steak in under 20 minutes, and successfully bungee-jumped off the Kimball Tower. He has secretly cut a lock of Robbie Reid's magical golden tresses and is now using it to tow his Price is Right camper to Lake Powell on the weekends, and roamed the underground heating systems with nothing but a ragged piece of issue girded about his tender loins just for the pleasure of saying, "I am wild, I am warm, I am free."

Roaming Roommate has resided in nearly every apartment complex south of campus. I do not live south of campus; thus, I do not have any Roaming Roommate sagas with which to wow my seemingly un-wowable comrades. My roommates are, unfortunately, pleasant. Besides being from Utah, they do not have any beastly handicaps or idiosyncrasies with which to color my conversations.

Sometimes I try, "Oh yeah, well MY roommate once said a prayer over the genitalia she dissected in Zoology 260," or "MY roommate met her eternal companion while ice-blocking down rape hill after dark in a contraband teeny weenie bikini." When I'm up against a Roaming Roommate legend, I'll try, "Well, MY roommate's brother's name is Nebuchadnezzar Zebedee Smith, but they just call him Willie, cause you know what they say about Mormon men with long names," or "MY roommate has a personal copy of EVERY Disney soundtrack, has played a Flinder in the Andrew Lloyd Webber version of *Saturday's Warrior Superstar*, and has never passed the pedestrian section of her driver's test—take that."

With a bit of strained voice inflection, wild, confusing hand gestures, and extremely naive company, I can pull off a virtual Roaming Roommate stumper. I have yet to master the "Do I have a story for you," mouth agape, shake of the forefinger, and cross of the eyes, but one of my roommates has a most appealing missionary serving on a cannibal iceberg off the coast of Antarctica. That should last me a good while.



CAMPING ETIQUETTE

BY JENNIFER NEILSON

It's cold, it's wet, it's long, and it's here. Camping is a definite in for the outdoor lover, and the Provo area offers vast opportunities to explore the great unknown. It's time to create your own spring break! Empowerment is the key to three days, the mountains, and you! For your camping pleasure I give you a list of things to bring along on the perfect spring break experience:

Two-person sleeping bag. This will allow for plenty of room to do whatever you have planned. Let me just say that April IS too early to attempt camping without a significant other or a good sleeping bag.

Lantern. Make sure that it is battery-powered, so that all of your clothes do not smell like gas. Coleman has a great one on the market.

Pack of playing cards. As campers, it is your moral obligation to play with each other. Make sure they are plastic-coated (the cards, not the campers). Travel

Scrabble is another thing you might want to bring; try using only camping words, like kiss, dirt, fire, pee...

Tent. Remember to get one size bigger than it says. A three person tent is for two, two is for one, etc. . .

Toilet paper. This is mainly for those of us who are female (Most likely, the men will answer the call of the wild somewhere near the fire). All of the natural wiping agents are frozen this time of the year. Just remember, bury it deep.

Caffeine. It's just not camping without Dr. Pepper or Mountain Dew.

Polish dogs. These are the times in our lives when we can do anything dangerous we want to our bodies, and eating polish dogs does not involve the repentance process. Don't forget the kosher dills.

A tarp, if it is before June. Inevitably the hills are full of snowy spots and if you get there late (like we always do) you'll get stuck in one.

Do NOT bring:

People you don't like. Inevitably, you will end up sharing a sleeping bag with someone who will fart in their sleep or have cold toes while you are having a romantic moment with the flannel shirt you are using for a pillow.

Country music. This is just common courtesy for the other campers. I once had to listen to an entire night of it once, and trust me it's bound to make somebody mad. I'd tell you what happened but the statute of limitations isn't up on that yet.

Living here in the valley, we lucky student have at our disposal some of the greatest mountains known to man. Let's use them. I suggest we all take our own spring break to head for the hills. Pack up those lanterns, tents, tarps, and two-man sleeping bags and get out of here. Where else in the world can men freely pee in the open, is it acceptable to have dirt under your fingernails, and are we as students allowed to explore the unknown without having to lie to our bishop?

Top 20

1. mass hysteria
2. midgets
3. Piggly Wiggly
4. sweaty sensual workouts
5. Zentropa
6. extra cheese

7. being sober
8. Penny Hardaway
9. french tutors
10. eloping
11. Salvador Dali
12. Chunky Clam Chowder
13. paper airplanes

14. Nabakov
15. subsidized education
16. big lips
17. Rerun, Rog & Duane
18. cream puffs
19. Volvos
20. Hippity-hops

Bottom 10

tattle tellers, long fingernails, applications, random tragedies, stretchers, drool, lost bank cards, brown lettuce, ointment, soul-glo

IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

Since this section is reserved for issues and opinions, I'm going to express my opinions about some very controversial issues. Notice that these are my opinions, and are not meant to devalue the views of others. However, like most opinions, mine are based on a wealth of personal experience.

The issues I'm addressing are those of same-sex marriage, and, more broadly, the perceptions of homosexuals by many in the heterosexual community. My views are not only shaped by my contact with many gays and lesbians, but also by the fact that I am gay.

I'd like to begin by asking all of you heterosexual readers to take a moment to try and understand the situation of many gays and lesbians. Imagine that, despite your attraction to the opposite sex, you could not pursue a relationship with a person of that gender. Also imagine the shame and embarrassment of feeling totally different from your peers, who seem so easily to be attracted to the "appropriate" people. After many failed efforts to love someone of your same sex, you face a dilemma. Either you abandon everything you hold dear—family, friends, religion—or resign yourself to a life without love. If you ever do marry anyone, the emotions you feel for this person may only be like feelings you have for a sibling or a close friend.

Hopefully you can see to a small degree the huge dilemma that many gay people face. Without the option of same-sex marriage, homosexuals are forced to choose between societal acceptance and real, fulfilling love. Many people feel that gays and lesbians are incapable of monogamy, because all they care about is sex. How can society say that homosexuals lack the ability to maintain relationships, and at the same time deny them the right to do so? The view that homosexuals are promiscuous is a self-fulfilling prophecy. Of course gays and lesbians have sex out of wedlock. Wedlock for them is not an option. Even monogamous same-sex relationships lack the social support that bolsters traditional marriages and helps heterosexuals feel more committed to their relationships.

Lately, I've heard many arguments against not only same-sex marriage, but homosexuality in general. In a Daily Universe viewpoint article, the author said that homosexuals simply "follow their hearts" without giving any thought to their actions. This argument is based totally in ignorance. Every homosexual I have come in contact with, both in and out of the LDS church, has consciously struggled with her/his emotions for a long time—even years. This doesn't paint the picture of a flippant, no-brained people, but rather a group of people torn between their true selves and society's condemnation of their emotions.

The viewpoint also compared homosexuality to "pedophilia, incest, spouse and child abuse, rape, and murder," portraying them all as emotion-prompted sins. This argument makes me more angry than any other. First of all, the feelings of love and attraction homosexuals feel are the same as the ones straight people feel and encourage. Secondly, in each of the above cases the perpetrator harms, often fatally, another person. Who are homosexuals hurting? The basic emotions gays and lesbians feel are deeply personal, and are almost always acted upon with other consenting people.

The mentality that compares homosexuals to criminals nearly allowed a bill in Montana to pass which would have required homosexuals, along with convicted murderers, rapists, and child abusers, to register with the police. Though the bill was altered and freed homosexuals from the need to register, it saddens me that such a bill was proposed and successfully passed through the state senate.

Much of the opposition to homosexuality is rooted in the belief that people choose to be gay, or that they do not try hard enough to rid themselves of same-sex attraction. For those of you who feel that homosexuality is a choice, I'd like you to ask any gay person if they chose their sexual orientation. I can almost guarantee that their response will be a definite "no." Honestly, how many of you heterosexuals remember making a conscious choice to become attracted to the opposite sex? Furthermore, if you stop to think about it, it makes no sense that a person would choose to be alienated from their family, marked as an outsider in society, and labeled as a pervert to be feared, loathed, and sickened by. In the case of homosexual LDS church members, teachings that they have believed, embraced, and loved could all be contradicted, leaving them nowhere to turn for comfort. Who would choose such a lifestyle?

Many people will argue that they've known or heard about people who have successfully "changed" their sexual orientation from gay to straight. My opinion of this is based on my knowledge of the diversity of humans. Risking oversimplification, medical research shows that some people rate as being "more gay" than others. Likewise, some people can be stronger heterosexuals than others. Those who have changed may not have had as strong a homosexual orientation as those who, despite incredible efforts, are unable to change their same-sex attraction.

I attempted to use this so-called "reparative therapy" in my own life, but to no avail. All that resulted, despite incredible effort, fasting, and prayer, was a lowered self-esteem, incredible guilt, and a large rift between my father and myself. I tend to agree with the American Medical, Psychiatry, and Psychological Associations, which all consider such sex-preference reversal programs as generally ineffective and lacking scientific backing.

Despite my opinions and experience, and the opinions of others, it is ultimately up to each of us to form our own opinion of homosexuality. My plea to you is that you do not base your opinions on ignorance and homophobia. There are many ways to learn about gays and lesbians, if you will only open yourself to them. Many times I have wanted to be totally open with close friends of mine, but I haven't because of hateful things I've heard them say about gays. If people try to be openly tolerant, they may find that they already know people who are gay.

It seems only right for everyone, especially those of us who claim to be followers of Christ, to not only feel compassion for those who are unhappy with their same-sex attraction, but for all people, including those comfortable with their homosexuality. We all simply need to try to understand the lives and trials of those people whose experiences are different from our own.

homosexuality

point

counterpoint

HOMOSEXUALITY IN THE MORMON COMMUNITY

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST

Considering the attitude towards homosexuals in the Mormon community as a whole, anyone attempting to address the issue with honesty and without attempting to offer offense is to be commended. I value the openness and valuable points made by the author of the preceding article. I hope that my sometimes-contrasting views will be as clear. I have been struggling with same-sex attraction for much of my life. It is a hellish thing to deal with, especially as a Mormon. You are forced to hide a large part of your life from family and most friends or risk the disgust and alienation of many of those who would normally be closest to you. This is especially difficult to bear from a church membership that, with the truth, should be the most Christ-like people on the earth. Jesus Christ loves each of us, regardless of our sexual orientation. He loves me, and does His best to lift me up and help me be a better person. This is the example that He provides for us, and we should attempt to offer Christ-like love and service to others no matter our religion, our beliefs, or our sexual orientation. Instead, I encounter disgust, rude jokes, and offensive comments each time the topic of homosexuality is raised.

There is sincere love in homosexual relationships. Sexual orientation does not rob a creature of the capability of basic and sincere emotions. Homosexuality, as well, should not be compared to murder and violent crime. Homosexual action, except in rare cases which also exist in the heterosexual community, is motivated by sincere heart-felt affection indistinguishable from heterosexual emotion. Homosexual individuals are real people with valid emotions, and should be respected as such. Whether or not anyone "agrees" with their emotional needs or their actions, they should be accorded human status. In this age of "diversity" and "multiculturalism" you would think that we could manage to treat our homosexual brothers and sisters with some simple kindness.

Though I agree that sexual orientation is not a choice, some things about homosexuality are. I can almost wish that God had nothing to do with the question of homosexuality, because then I could enjoy what to me is "fulfilling love" without guilt. The plain fact is, however, that God is there, and the choices that we make in our lives do matter to Him. Prophets and apostles have explained to us (as recently as this week's annual general conference) that homosexuality is wrong. That brings me to the subject of same-sex marriage. Though same-sex marriage may bring some social acceptance to non-Mormon gays and lesbians, regardless of whether it is accepted in the United States, it will never be recognized by the church, or endorsed in our temples. That is not a cruel statement, but just a cold fact. No matter what I personally want or how much I physically and emotionally ache for the love of another woman, I am still responsible for my actions. God has told us that He will not allow us to be tempted more than we can bear. However difficult that may be to believe sometimes, it is nevertheless true. I have not overcome my attraction to women. I don't even dislike it. But my choice here is not between societal acceptance and real love. If that were the choice, I would choose love immediately. My choice here is between putting my desires, my "self," first, or putting God first. Even if I could find no happiness in my life as it is, even if the choice were always earthly joy and satisfaction versus heavenly joy, it would still be my responsibility to try to choose heaven and my Lord and Savior. I am not perfect, and I don't know everything, but I do know that God is there, and that He is more important than anything else at all. That is why I am doing my best to avoid sexual interaction. It isn't easy, but I don't believe that anyone's life is easy. Many women of my acquaintance have to deal with the a similar self-denial, although they are heterosexual. Perhaps life is not meant to be easy. We were sent here to be tested, not to live according to our "natures." I have no idea why I am faced with these particular life challenges, but I do know that God's plan is not meaningless. All things will work together for our good, no matter how they look to us now. God wishes our ultimate happiness, and I am confident that He knows what He is doing. As I attempt to do what is in my power, God will provide for the rest. How else could any of us make it through our lives?

Though this choice seems necessary to me in my personal life, I do not pretend that it is the choice that everyone must make. Personally, I don't think that it is possible to reconcile active homosexuality and Mormonism but I know there are individuals and organizations that do. Each individual must maintain her own relationship with God, and choose her own actions. And, whatever our choices, we must endeavor to treat others, and their freedom to act, with respect.



BOMBAY HOUSE

BY TODD R. SMITH

When I first heard, just over two years ago, that an Indian restaurant was opening in Provo, I wanted to do the Hosanna Shout. I was there the day it opened, and I've eaten there over thirty times since.

My addiction to Indian cuisine began while my family was living in England for three years, and continued during my mission in South Africa. By the time Bombay House opened, I'd been in withdrawal for almost two years, so I headed over to 463 N. University Avenue with high hopes for an authentic, delicious Indian dining experience. I wasn't disappointed.

I was happy to hear the sounds of a sitar and tabla playing classical Indian ragas as I entered—I always distrust ethnic restaurants that play elevator music in the background. When I go to an Indian restaurant I want to feel like I'm in India, not an elevator. Fortunately, the owners of Bombay House have a passion for authenticity that extends to music as well as food.

And what food! From tandoori specialties, cooked in a charcoal-burning oven called a tandoor, to the hot and spicy vindaloos, to kurma specialties, cooked in a cream-based sauce thickened with ground nuts, the Bombay House menu contains an array of exotic flavors and textures. Diners who have previously experienced only a single curry flavor will be amazed at the variety of tastes produced by different combinations of familiar and unfamiliar spices—tamarind, saffron, fenugreek, cardamoms, cumin, farroway, coriander, white poppy seeds, black mustard seeds, and various leaves, roots, and bits of bark. Vegetarians will be happy to hear that Bombay House offers twelve delicious vegetarian specialties. I'm more of a carnivore myself, and my favorite dish is the Lamb Coconut Kurma—tender chunks of lamb cooked in cream, coconut milk, cashews, and raisins. I'm also rarely able to leave without succumbing to the temptation of a mango lassi, a yoghurt-based drink.

However, for first-time visitors or those on student budgets, I recommend the all-you-can-eat lunch buffet, for \$5.95. This includes salad, with a yoghurt dressing; two types of rice; chicken curry, kurma, or masala; tandoori chicken; saag, a creamy spinach dish that is far removed from the boiled leaves I despised as a child; a bean or lentil dish; one or two more vegetable dishes; and a dessert, usually a rice pudding called Kheer. In addition, the waiter will bring you garlic naan, a flat type of bread, fresh from the tandoor where it is baked by slapping it on to the hot inner surface of the oven (other Indian restaurants often leave the naan on the buffet where it quickly loses its freshness).

The quality of the cooking at Bombay House is excellent. Admittedly, I've never been to India—my experience with Indian food is limited to the three or four cookbooks I've read, about four meals in Indian homes, and the fifteen or so Indian restaurants I've dined at in London, Birmingham, Coventry, Wales, Pretoria, Johannesburg, Cape Town, Durban, St. Louis, New York, and Salt Lake City. Few of these restaurants could match the quality of Bombay House, and none surpassed it. Therefore, it is with great confidence that I encourage everyone to visit Bombay House. At the very least, it is a great opportunity to expand your cultural horizons. You may also find, as I have, a life-long passion for a diverse and scintillating cuisine.

Ed. note: We love the Bombay House! They gave us a free meal and treated us like family. Go there every chance you get.



MY LOVE FOR LENITO'S

BY MATTHEW ANDERSEN

This article has been in the making ever since Lenny opened his fine taco shop many years ago. I'm from Albuquerque, so I relish fine Mexican cuisine. However, my hands are way down as I name Lenito's Taco Shop the best Mexican restaurant in Provo.

It's not simply because the food is amazing, or that the employees are so cute, but what really stimulates me is the aura of peace that the whole Lenny's establishment brings to my soul. It was at Lenny's that my brother first started romancing his wife. It was there that my niece said her first word: "Afro." At Lenny's I can keep up with all the hot new breakthroughs in the O.J. trial. At this fine taco shop I even fell in love. When I'm sad and I feel as if life should end, I know Lenito's will treat me exquisitely with a bean and rice burrito and all-I-can-drink Dr. Pepper.

Lenito's is a taco shop in the San Diego style. They feature tacos, burritos, tamales, tortas (spicy Mexican sandwiches), tostadas and quesadillas. They have no waitresses to pay and no long wait; they even have a Simpsons pinball machine. Lenny gets *USA Today*, so along with the O.J. trial on Len's TV, you can keep track of the fall of the Mexican peso. Lenito's is so much more than I will ever realize. Somehow Len just touches the heart of us all with his rolled tacos and his Combo #3. After an evening at Lenito's my big brother once told me he loved me.

As a method for romancing, Lenito's is amazing. His quesadillas are powerful aphrodisiacs. So, if your love life is a bit slow, take the woman you dream of to Lenny's. She'll be yours forever. The staff at Lenny's really knows true love. They always give me great advice. So, while practicing your Spanish you can chat with Maria or Juan about your romantic quandaries.

I usually eat at Lenny's four or five times a week. I think I singlehandedly paid for Len's new hottub. For those of you who have missed out on the cultural experience of Lenito's I would beg you to try. Life will seem more bearable. Your love life will improve. When you get back to school after a long Christmas break, Provo will be so much more inviting. And best of all, you'll experience a stimulating awareness in your soul about the power of good Mexican food.

LENITO'S
TACO SHOP.
PROVO UT.

NIGHT OR DAY

BY FRANK CHRISTIANSON

Maggie wakes to find she is too exhausted to move. She puzzles. It is mid-afternoon. The television set on the dresser is at full volume. Most of the day-time talk is over and she has forgotten to set the recorder.

"On the Phone. Judy. Hates Sex." Host, guests, and audience wait sympathetically while Judy explains her dilemma.

A long while later Maggie wakes again and remembers that she was up all night in her dreams. Mama Lufkin has returned and wants her to clean. She has come back smaller than before as if even death could not stop the shrinking. After thirty years, Mama can now sit on the mantelshelf and dangle her legs, looking no larger than her own picture beside her.

So Maggie cleans. And it takes her all night. No wonder she is exhausted. Such work.

But now she is up and walks herself to the kitchen where she makes eggs. She scrambles them and scrapes them onto a plate and eats them with pepper.

She pulls to the parlor and sees the mantel where Mama Lufkin sat through the night and pointed her in the right directions. On the sofa, in the hall, a pile or a smear without pattern or shape. Like mud but not and no use pretending.

She cleans through her

This is when find his way to remembering done in the or-ring the mosqui-of his mother's

In bed, watches Rever-36. Always a and a prayerline She never calls gesture. Sunday nine on "The dral" they hear punishment, di-

It is night in house. And it is from four hours Helen came to chirping outside it does not fade. a wood stool so hot she can't Howard's shiny off the pillow. I what you had to Howard says. mouth tight and as possible. You ought to both of 'em. Helen over here.

Maggie walks out and

stands and down the hallway of Mama Lufkin's house. Mama's house by squatter's rights of more than twenty years before Maggie even met Howard. And Maggie a guest for twenty seven years after that. That is when Mama dies and Howard three years later. And Maggie still a guest though she has now spent more time with the house than Mama Lufkin ever did.

She stops in the parlor and leans before a tan and gold wing-back chair. Carpet, wall-paper, other furniture all replaced or sold over three decades; all except the chair. She sees faint outlines. She sees Mama Lufkin, vaguely desperate, more lucid than she has been in years, trying to make it all disappear with the hem of her smock. In her confused movement, Mama manages to spread herself over the entire room. But the chair, the only thing Maggie brought from home, is the worst.

Mama says nothing when Maggie find her. She stops her effort and stands staring at the wing-back while Maggie calls her sister-in-law and loses her mind.

She wakes and opens her eyes and sees black. She wonders if it is time for another stroke. She hears the television shriek static at her from the dresser. She hears the hum of the heater and the hiss of air coming out of the vent. She hears the clock.

She hears the soft footsteps of her pulse in the pillow and turns face up into night or day.



alone, breathing mouth.

Howard would the door something to be chard, prefer-toes to the signs age.

Maggie end Schuler on serious message that is toll free. but likes the mornings at Crystal Cathe-about sin and vine retribution. Mama Lufkin's the same air before when clean. The is loud enough Maggie sits on beside the bed, abide its touch. face stares up don't know throw a fit for, Maggie sits breaths as little Howard says, apologize to Draggin' poor I would've... stands and down the

VANCOUVER'S CHINCHILLA

BY MELANEE HUNT

Okay. I heard Cub's first full-length album, *beti-cola*, last year while driving down the road in my best friend's car. He had just picked up the gem, and informed me in advance, "Melanee, this is your new favorite band." I, being the skeptic that I am, insisted on hearing them at once so that I could prove to him just how well he didn't know me (why I and many others like me have this impulse, I know not). So, with a firmly planted smirk on my face, he set his cd-player for "My Chinchilla," which would become my favorite song by my favorite band.

They rocked my world, but not too many others. This Canadian three-piece suit from Vancouver has remained pretty



diver bars. They are really into crowd participation as well. At shows where they do "Cast a Shadow," they always find someone in the audience who can play the harmonica to jam with them because they don't have a regular harmonica player, but they do have the harmonica. On their "What the Water Gave Me" single, they have a recording of such an incident which was quite amusing. The group includes three girls: Lisa (bass, vocals, and whistling abilities), Lisa G (no relation to Kenny, drums, yelping abilities), and Robynn (back-up and guitar). They are all really silly, and write incredible music that makes my earwax go crazy dancing.

So, their first album made me smile, will their second do the same? YES INDEEDEE!! This is better than anything that could ever go on a Ritz™. New tunes include "My Flaming Red Bobsled" which is about none other than the bobsled aforementioned. Like many of their songs, there's nothing going on here except groovin' sounds. "New York City" talks about how nice the people are and how everyone is so loving in the Big Apple. I love such beautiful delusions. On "I'm Your Angel," Lisa G makes tra-la-la-ing so cool, and Lisa delivers the first recorded whistle solo I've ever heard. Outstanding.

Of course, since they love me so much, they decided to do another version of "My Chinchilla" on their second album so that I could love them no matter which album I chose to listen to. This one is by far the best, however, because it is recorded in the studio at 91.5 KUNV, the college radio station in my hometown of Las Vegas. Ron, who owns a lovely little music store called Benway Bop, also has his own little radio show on KUNV and called Lisa in Vancouver, asking her to sing while some unnamed fellow in the studio played guitar for her. So, this version of "My Chinchilla" is particularly sacred to me. It's also a bit comical.

So, in case you're a moron, I'll recap: CUB rocks. Their new album rocks. KUNV rocks. Don't eat rocks. Thank you.

CRAZY DISCO PREFERENCE

BY RUSSELL LEROY HOWARD III

As I got dressed for Disco Preference, I realized an immediate problem, I was more flammable in all my polyester than an open gas tank. This aside, I strutted my stuff in front of the mirror until I was fully convinced that I was in fact the biggest pimp-daddy on the face of the earth. When my date and I finally arrived at the dance, we noticed a most peculiar thing: we were the only people there besides the two other couples we came with. We enjoyed the run of the dance floor for a while until a whole herd of freaks joined in. Probably the best part of the whole dance (besides my fine date and my very pimpin' clothes) was THE MUSIC. The BeeGees were played quite liberally as well as many other classics. Thankfully, YMCA was not played while I was there. I don't know what it is, but songs about gay sex don't appeal to me (take a good listen to the words, you'll see what I mean).

One thing I must gripe about: what was with playing techno versions of "Smells Like Teen Spirit" and other cool songs that were invariably adulterated? I know techno's roots are in disco, but if I wanted to hear Erasure I would have stayed at home. Well, the lighting was okay. The sound system was adequate, and the music was for the most part great. What more can I say?

THE PROVOPALOOZA LOWDOWN

BY MELANEE HUNT

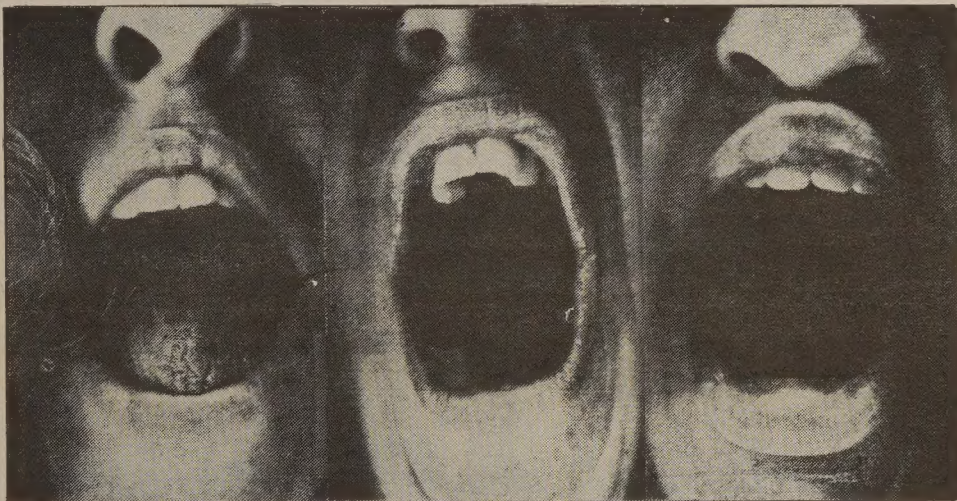
After talking to Enoch Palmer and Jerad Marcucci for a bit, here's what I have to say about the upcoming Provopalooza show: IT'S ABOUT TIME!! That is, I'm glad Provo is finally getting some extra-fab entertainment, and the fact that it's coming just when we'll all need it the most (reading days, of course) makes it even dreamier.

Here's how it's all going down: the Edge, as we know it, will be forever changed. The basement will be featuring such local acts as Penny Royal Crush, the famed Vickers, Slackjaw, Toughskins, and 8 Turtle Stack. Now, normally, just this amount of entertainment might be enough to hold us crazy kids for a night's worth of entertainment, but hold on to your hats, buckaroos, there's more!!

On the main floor, such feature acts as Peach, hailing from the well-known Seattle scene, is only one of the bands to smile about. They're not your typical flannel-around-the-waist-as-a-permanent fixture kind of Seattle band. After listening to their newly-released album, *Siesta* I'd have to describe it as good candy for my ears. These groovy tunes wouldn't let me go. It's nothing really that new, but it's got a mighty fine twist. They sound fabulous with their perfect humming mix that allows each instrument to bombard your ears with individual tune, without invading your personal space. On a couple of songs, singer Mark Adler has this Corbain-esque thing going on, but since it's rare and random, I am totally willing to excuse it. Good Golly, I just can't hold still listening to this. Peach of an album. Peach of a band.

But the fact that they're so likable doesn't make them the only band playing. No Siree Bob. Other groups are coming like Engine 88, a band that is really a compilation of members of two east coast groovers, Sordid Humor, and The Smoking Section, both of which could pack in a crowd. Together, these guys are a force to be reckoned with. They're in San Francisco now, and have an album out called Clean Your Room, which I really would be willing to do, as long as I could pop these tunes in for some added incentive. They're produced by the same crazy guy (Kevin Army) that introduced us to Operation Ivy. I am going hopelessly through the album trying to find SOMETHING to gripe about with these guys—but it's all in vain. I am absolutely in love. This one is going on my "Things to remind me that the world is good" list, and I will probably listen to it more than I ought to. It's clean and borders on hard, but it's not obnoxious in any way. It has made my soul rest after much searching.

And still, there's more. The Obvious, who put out *Detached* last year, will be coming down from Salt Lake City to grace us with their fine-tuned presence. After one listening episode of this album, I was ready for a rerun. There wasn't a tune that didn't rock my core being. Their music is intense and driving, and they promise to be yet another energizing band at this music-fest. The Numbs will be co-opting the DJ thang in the soul room. Wow, what a packed night! Just what I'll need to unwind before some rigorous cramming for finals. Provo will never be the same. If you're some kind of moron, and you decide you don't want to go, at least pick up these albums, lest you soul be eternally condemned!



CHIEFTONS: A SECOND-HAND INTERVIEW

BY MELANEE HUNT

The Chieftons, renowned as the most respected and only caretakers of traditional Irish music, performed for a full house two nights in a row at Abravanel Hall in Salt Lake City on March 3rd and 4th. I, myself, didn't get to go, but my good friend Andi Pitcher did, and what an experience she had. Here, I recount her story to me.

ME: So, how was the show?

ANDI: One of them kissed me. Derrick Bell was his name. He's the incredibly talented harpist. He suffers the Mary Lou Retton syndrome—he's as tall as he is wide.

ME: What were the circumstances of the kiss?

ANDI: I was backstage talking about the Bodhran. He was stricken by my beauty, I suppose, because I didn't even talk to him. He walked up to me, grabbed me by the shoulders, and with a deep Irish accent, he said, "I'd give up my cup of coffee and bowl of corn flakes to wake up to the likes of you in the mornin'." I was stunned. I had witnesses, though. That's the best part.

ME: Well, other than getting kissed, how was the show?

ANDI: It was incredible. There was a ton of energy. They interacted with the symphony; they interacted with the audience. They included local performers like Kate McLean (she plays at The Coffee House a lot), and then the highlight was a guest performer who toured with them: a very sexy Spaniard named Carlos Nuñez. He played a very haunting recorder and the Highland Bagpipes. He rocked. He rocked my world. Holy Cow!! I gotta go. But anyway, he kissed me too. We hung out for a while. We exchanged lots of things—the least of which were a whistle he gave me and a print that I gave him. We also exchanged addresses and promised to meet again on the beaches of Spain. He was a rocker. He rocked my world.

Andi had to go after our brief conversation, leaving me more fulfilled and quite a bit jealous. She hung out with the Chieftons. She hung out with a rocker. Oh, how I envy.

REVIEW BY
RUSSELL L.
HOWARD III

SEAWEEED—As if there weren't enough cheesy indie-pop bands out there already, you can now add Seaweed to your list of bands to avoid. I found this album about as exciting as watching paint dry. Every song sounded exactly like the song before it. It was like watching *Groundhog Day*, but there was no Bill Murray. So, if you like your music to be bland and repetitive, this is the band for you. Otherwise, put it on your list of albums to be burned if the Nazis ever come back into power.

Wild Sex in the Working Class

BY H. MILLER BENTLEY

Editor's Note: Mr. Bentley (or Bill, as he said we can call him if we wish to be on a more personal level), sent us this article with the preface that he's "...not much of a writer-type guy..." because he works in a factory. We thought our reading audience might appreciate an inside-outsider's view of Provo, Utah. Enjoy!

I moved to Provo about three months ago because I heard it was a fun place to be. And by God, it is. Since I had no money, I decided that I needed to get a job. This search led me to the NuSkin factory behind the K-Mart in the East Bay. There's a lot of neat people I've gotten to know on a more personal level there. Let me tell you about them:

Jesus Freaks

There's a guy that works there who loves Jesus. Every day he wears a t-shirt that warns you that Jesus is coming soon, and you'd better watch out. He gave me a Christian rock tape one time and I enjoyed the five seconds I listened to it before I popped it out and put in "Paul's Boutique," by the Beastie Boys. This Christian tape sounded like it had been recorded on David Koresh's four-track recorder during the storming of Waco. Well, if this music is any indication, when Jesus returns I hope he sticks to

giving out free loaves and fishes and doesn't go into the recording industry.

Later, the Jesus Freak lectured me about backward song masking. He said a group called the Dead Kennedys worshipped Satan. I thought that was pretty cool, I mean, a real revelation, and that I'd have to listen to their album *Frankenchrist* more often. He also said that the acronym AC/DC stood for "Anti-Christ/Demon Chant." I told him I really didn't think Australians could think of anything nearly that clever.

I would talk to this Jesus Freak more to amuse myself, but his stench makes me feel like "...much wailing and crying, and gnashing of teeth" (Revelations 3:18).

Mormons

Wow! There are a lot of these guys running around here. I read in a history book they had all been killed off in a big snow storm, but I guess there are still some left. And the funny thing is: they all seem to work at the NuSkin factory and all over the place! They have some weird rules, like the fact that I can't buy a beer at Smith's on Sunday. They block it all off with a big sign! So now I just buy four six-packs on Saturday so I

have some beer left for Sunday. No problem!

When I first started working, they all seemed to like me a lot. One time, a very nice and interested Mormon said to me, "I have a very special message for you." And I said, "Well, do I need a decoder ring to read it?" They seemed a little exasperated and said, "no, not a secret message, a special message." I was pretty excited. No one had given me a special message in a long time. Not since my ex-wife's lawyer called about the payments. Bagerly, I asked:

"Oh? What's the message about?"

"It's about your eternal salvation," the nice person Mormon said.

"You mean, you're giving me a raise?" I asked incredulously. "That really would save me right now! I got a huge debt on my Mastercard!"

The nice person looked a little pained and took a different approach.

"What do you believe in?" the nice person asked.

"You mean, spiritual stuff?" I ventured, trying to get everything straight, so as not to make the nice person mad.

"Yes," he said.

"Well," I responded, "My sister said she saw a ghost once and I believed her. Then one night when I was camping in northern Minnesota, I thought I saw a fairy dancing around a toadstool, just like in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but then again I may have drank a little bit too much stump burner...."

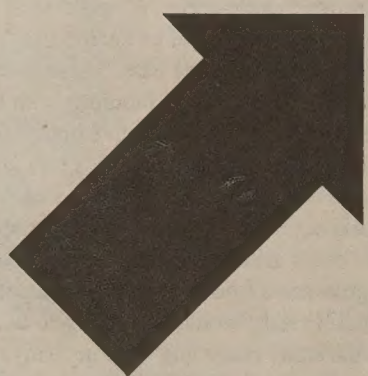
After that, no one really asked me about spirits or ghosts except the Jesus Freak, who said the fairy I saw was probably one of Satan's minions. And I thought, "Now why the hell would one of Satan's minions be dancing in the middle of the woods in Minnesota?" But then I figured all these spiritual people knew more than me about that stuff, so I didn't bother asking.

Pretty soon, these Mormons started talking about casseroles and jell-o and "fetching" things. I thought they must be pretty busy all the time because they were always running around "fetching" this and "fetching" that. I felt pretty at home because my grand-dad always made me fetch stuff, too. One time he got drunk and made me go out in the backyard and "fetch" some clams that were frozen in a bucket. But that's a different story, I guess.

Now, I don't know why all these Mormons would want to settle here. You can't buy beer on Sundays, like I said, and there's a crummy wanna-be ska scene full of little long-haired creeps from Pocatello and Nephi. Man, if I were a Mormon I think I'd settle in Nevada so I could dig for gold all day and then gamble or something at night. But I guess that isn't possible now, what with all the trees they've planted. It would be pretty hard to uproot them all and carry them over there.

Good-bye

Well, that's it for my observations. If you want to visit me, come on over to the NuSkin factory behind the K-Mart in East Bay on any weekday. My break is from 9:20am to 9:35am so just say you're visiting H. Miller Bentley for a little bit. Hell, I'll even buy you a Mr. Pibb if you do because that's my personal drink.



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